Millennial Star

Aglietti.

Maternal Joy.

Vol. 104, No. 19

Thursday, May 7, 1942

POETRY

MOTHERHOOD.

God gave me a child for His keeping,
So lovely and helpless and small:
My heart with fond rapture is leaping,
At the wonder and joy of it all.

Altho' I can't quite comprehend it,
That this bundle of love is all mine,
I know God from His heaven did send it,
A spark from the glory divine.

And as its dear soft little fingers
Cling with such loving trust unto mine;
Round my being a sweet content lingers,
That all love, earth and heaven combine.

And as I watch each surprised wonder
Alights its sweet innocent eyes,
I am led in sweet musing to ponder,
On the future, and what in it lies.

God gave me this gift for His keeping,
And this one ambition I pray;
That back to the Father I'll give him,
In sweet Gospel service some day.

God help me redeem this my promise,
By tending my baby with care,
That early he learns heavenly wisdom,
A place in God's Kingdom to share.

Then as through the world he is passing
His mother in him all may see;
Then mine will be joy everlasting,
That they see my baby in me.

—John F. Cook.
Norwich District.

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK:

Thou cam'st not into thy place by accident,
it is the very place God meant for thee.

—Trench.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR

ESTABLISHED IN 1840

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JAMES P. HILL
Editor—Publisher

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Wherefore, be not weary in well-doing, for ye are laying the foundation of a great work. And out of small things proceedeth that which is great.—Doctrine and Covenants 64: 33.

*

MORMON MOTHERHOOD

EVERY SECOND SUNDAY OF MAY, LATTER-DAY SAINTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD OBSERVE MOTHER'S DAY WITH FITTING SERVICES.

MOTHER, IN LATTER-DAY SAINT THEOLOGY, HAS A SIGNIFICANCE WHICH IS TRANSCENDENT. SHE STANDS AT THE THRESHOLD THROUGH WHICH MAN'S SPIRIT ENTERS FROM THE ANTE-MORTAL SPHERE INTO THIS REALM OF MORTALITY. IT IS THROUGH HER THAT GOD CLOTHES OUR SPIRITS WITH THESE CORPOREAL BODIES OF FLESH AND BONES—THESE BODIES WHICH ALL WILL TAKE UP ON RESURRECTION AND POSSESS THROUGHOUT ETERNITY. THEN, TOO, MOTHER MAINTAINS HER PARENTAL PLACE NOT ONLY IN THIS EARTH LIFE TODAY, BUT ON THROUGH AN UNENDING TOMORROW.

THE WHITE CARNATION IS THE FLOWER OF MOTHER'S DAY. ITS SNOWY PETALS ARE SYMBOLIC OF PURITY. NOTHING IN LATTER-DAY SAINT TEACHING IS MORE BEAUTIFUL OR SACRED THAN WOMANLY CHASTITY.—W. J. A.

Mother's Day

By Elder Bryant S. Hinckley

IN speaking of worthy mothers, it was said three thousand years ago: "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."—Proverbs 31: 28. It was true then, and it is true now.

By custom and proclamation, the second Sunday in May has been set apart as Mother's Day, and for a score of years it has been observed with ever increasing popularity and reverence. The origin of this beautiful custom has been attributed to Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia. As a result of it, her name will always be held in grateful remembrance. She did something for mothers.

Miss Jarvis was invited by a Sunday School superintendent in the small town of Virginia, where her mother had been an active leader, to arrange a memorial programme. In the preparation of this programme, the idea occurred to her of setting apart one Sunday in each year as Mother's Day. This finally resulted in the observance of this day on May 10th, 1908, in the city of Philadelphia. The idea spread with amazing rapidity—it found an almost immediate and universal response. It created an opportunity to express in some formal way the love and gratitude which people feel toward their mothers. It answered an urge of the heart.

The declared object of the day is to recall the memories of mothers who are gone, and to make brighter the lives of those who remain, and to encourage men, women and children to honour home and parents. And while it is a day of sentiment and poetry, it is to be observed by deeds of kindness, by messages from absent ones, by appropriate services in churches, and by wearing as the badge of the day, the white carnation, which is the symbol of purity, fidelity and beauty.

We join heart and hand with good people everywhere in the observance of this day. We believe religiously in the home, and we have from the beginning been a home-building people, and have been indoctrinated with the importance of maintaining the sanctity and integrity of the home. In no other community has there been greater honour or reverence shown to motherhood. In none are the eternal ties, the obligations and rewards of this relation better understood than among our people.

The home is a heart place, and "out of the heart are the issues of life." There can be no substitute for the home—there can be no substitute for that mystic cord which reaches from the mother to the child, giving a mutual understanding that cannot be obtained in any other way. Any path that leads from the home is an unsafe path, and every influence that will stabilize and build up the home is to be encouraged.

Man's best inheritance comes from his mother; she is his greatest teacher. The mystic influences which play upon her

soul shape his destiny. The things she puts into his heart, he manifests in his life. She never loses faith in him; she never forgets him; she never forsakes him. Her implicit faith in him is one of the sublime and beautiful things in life and a great saving influence in the world.

A man who had distinguished himself for noble services among his fellows, carried with him all of his life a letter which his mother had written him when he was eight years of age and away from home for the first time. This he declared to be his strength in the hour of temptation, his inspiration in his day of disappointment. She knew nothing of it, but he cherished this yellow bit of paper above almost any other possession.

How many sons of widows have achieved nobly in the earth? How largely do they attribute their success to the influence of their mothers? When James A. Garfield presented himeslf to William's College, he said, "I am the son of a widow and must work my way through school." When he took the oath of office as the President of the United States, his first act was to kiss his grey-haired mother. This was a tribute of a noble son to a deserving mother. It was not the clothing which she put upon his back or the plain food which she gave him to eat that made him President of the United States. It was the influence of a great mother, living under hard circumstances, maintaining a long, grim struggle for her children that filtered into the soul of this boy and stirred into him a determination to do something for her; and this determination led him from the "prairie cabin" to the White House.

The man who presides over this Church is the only child of a widow; and from his childhood up he has paid, in word and deed, a tribute to his noble mother, which has won for him the confidence and affection of this people. Of all the good and generous things he has done, none surpasses in nobility this. The man who preceded him as President of the Church was likewise the son of a widow. The affection which he so lavishly bestowed upon his widowed mother was indeed a beautiful expression of the strength and sweetness and nobility of his soul. Joseph F. Smith and Heber J. Grant received much of the inspiration and power which they have manifest in their lives from their mothers, and no sons have shown greater respect to their mothers than they have, and God has honoured them for it, as He will honour others. This disposition to honour those to whom we are most indebted is a mark of greatness.

Great sons have great mothers. May I read to you Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby, of Boston.

Executive Mansion.
Washington.
November 21, 1864.

To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.

Dear Mrs. Bixby,—I have been shown in the files of the war department a statement of the adjutant general of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father

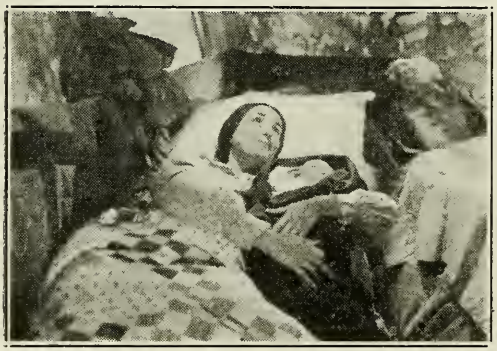
may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

What made possible this distinctive bit of literature? How could he put so much soul in words? It was a sympathetic understanding of the great emancipator who, speaking of his mother, said, "God bless her; all that I am or ever hope to be, I owe to her."

My mother has gone, and today the grass grows green over her resting place. No expression of gratitude for her loving kindness and sacrifice to me can gladden her heart. No plea for forgiveness of any careless words or thoughtless deeds can touch her tender soul and move her to tears. The perfume of flowers cannot elicit words of appreciation. The crib in which her sons slept when babies is in the attic, and the hands that rocked it are folded and still. She has long since gone to her reward—peace to her memory—but there still remains to those who cherish that memory the opportunity to give the final proof of their devotion to her, to show their regard for the deepest desires of her heart—in a more enduring and and substantial way by messages of love or contributions of flowers. There remains a larger way, and that way is by meeting the issues of life bravely, by battling for the principles for which she made sacrifice and by leading lives which will reflect credit upon her sainted name.



A PIONEER MOTHER and her child (as pictured in the M.-G.-M. short "The Miracle of Salt Lake City")

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NORWICH DISTRICT CONFERENCE SCHEDULED.

Norwich District Conference will be held at the Norwich Chapel, 60 Park Lane, on Saturday and Sunday, May 16th and 17th.

Saturday programme: 5.30 p.m., Special Meeting with District and Branch Presidencies; 6.45 p.m. to 8.30 p.m., Tabernacle Organ and Choir Records; 1-act play, "Conversion"; dramatic reproduction on records. "The Fulness of Times"; Sister H. Woodford on Genealogical problems; social contact, etc.

Sunday programme: 10 a.m., Testimony-Sacrament Meeting; 11 a.m., 1st session, with an half-hour programme presented by Sunday School children; 2.30 p.m., 2nd session; 3,45 p.m., separate sessions for Priesthood and Ladies; 6 p.m., the final session.

Conference Theme: "Pre-existent, Present and Future Life."

My Testimony

By Sister Lucy Ripley

ALTHOUGH born in the Church, I never remember attending a meeting until I was nearly fifteen years of age, except perhaps the one when I was baptised at the age of eight years.

The Missionaries came seeking up the inactive members of Batley Branch, and our family was amongst them. We started coming out to Church regularly. At first I came simply because I liked the people there, who were always very kind, and not because I had a testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel.

But one day when I attended a Union Meeting in Bradford, the District President there asked us if we would put up our hands and promise within the next month to read one of the four standard Church works, preference being given to the Book of Mormon. I put up my hand, and vowed within myself to read the Book of Mormon during the coming month.

It so happened that I was ill within this period, and had to spend a few days in bed. I slept with both the Book of Mormon and the Bible under my pillow, having first prayed earnestly that my Father in Heaven would give me light, and help me to understand as I read. Almost all the time I was awake I was reading and studying and praying, and the Lord certainly heard my prayer.

The beautiful truths of the Gospel unfolded before my eyes so plainly. I simply marvelled as the Lord revealed unto me that the Church of Jesus Christ, down-trodden though they had been, was indeed His Gospel in all its fulness and purity. The only way I can describe this revelation is by relating to you a short film I once saw. It was the picture of a little rose-bud, and as I watched, it gradually opened out before my eyes into the most beautiful rose I have ever seen. It was by far the most exquisite flower imaginable. And in this way were the Gospel truths opened up unto me. I knew just as sure as if God had actually spoken to me personally that Mormonism was the truth. The joy that entered my being with that knowledge only you who have a testimony yourselves can realise. Life took on a new meaning. The Church meant everything to me, and I can honestly say that since that time I have never missed a meeting without a really good cause.

And now let me tell you, how years later, for the first time, doubt entered my mind. It is since I came on my Mission. One Saturday morning my companion and I went out tracting. We met a lady who was very religiously inclined, and after a good discussion at the door, she invited us into her home in order to refer to some passages of scripture we had quoted which she had never noticed before. We agreed on many points of doctrine as taught in our different churches (the name of hers I prefer not to mention) and discussed things in a very friendly way. She told us that even as we knocked on her door she was on her knees praying for understanding.

But when her husband came home, he was very hostile towards us, and after that our discussion did not seem to be on the same friendly basis. They affirmed ardently that theirs was the truth. We did the same even more ardently, so we did not seem to get anywhere. In the end we decided to compromise. If they would accept our Book of Momon we would accept some of their literature, and if they could give us any new truth, we would accept it, and expected them to do likewise. But they had no literature except the Bible, and so we decided to attend some of their meetings instead.

That evening when my companion and I were studying, for the first time since I received my testimony the thought came to my mind—Have we really got the Truth? I did not mention it to my companion then; perhaps I was ashamed of the thought. But it would insist, and came to me time and time again that night. These people were so sure that they had the truth; just as sure as we were: and, after all, their opinions were as good to them as mine were to me. But someone was wrong. Who could it be? And I did really wonder—Could it be us? What a question, you might think. That was what I thought; but try as I would I could not shake it off. I knew I must find out. What was the use of my being away from home preaching our Gospel if it was not all I had previously thought it to be? Again and again I pondered over the things these people had said. How sure they were. Could we possibly be wrong? Had I been under an illusion all this time? I prayed for light, but did not seem to receive any just then. Next morning we decided to fast before attending their meeting, and we had our usual prayers together. Then I went to my room again before setting out, and asked God humbly to reveal unto me which of the two churches had the Truth. We went, taking the Book of Mormon along with us to her home. Before I had been in that place twenty minutes, I knew without doubt that ours was the Truth in very deed. We all knelt down in prayer, but instead of one being spokesman and the others listening in reverence, everyone was praying together, and making such a noise. Their weeping, wailing singing, shouting, muttering, and gnashing their teeth, etc., etc., disgusted me more than words can tell. I felt like kicking the Pastor. Such ridiculous forms of worship. It makes me wonder what kind of a being these people think God really is, for they just simply lay there grovelling at His feet. If that is the kind of worship God expects, I'm afraid I cannot give it. If that is Religion, I want none of it. No doubt God wants us to be humble, but He wants us to keep our manhood and womanhood, and not to grovel like the animals. Even now it seems incredible to me, that middle-aged, mature men, especially in this present age, can be satisfied with such rubbish, and even term it the Gospel of Jesus Christ. How my heart swelled with pride and thanksgiving, when I made comparisons, and realized just what the Gospel of Christ really is. And to think He thought me a person of sufficient interest, to be able to see where others are blinded by the craftiness of men. Thank God, that testimony still burns within me. Let men spurn it as they will, it will rise to the top, for it is definitely **The Gospel of Jesus Christ.**

L.D.S. Pen Friendship League

LATTER-DAY SAINTS OF ALL COUNTRIES—JOIN OUR PEN FRIENDSHIP LEAGUE AND WE WILL JOIN YOURS ! ! !

OUR L.D.S. Pen Friendship League has created a great deal of interest among our members not only in this country but in America also. Letters are beginning to arrive almost by every foreign mail bringing us most encouraging responses. Our young people are enthusiastic in this idea and wish our Pen League a great success.

We wish to suggest that every Church Organ inaugurate their own Pen Friendship League and then join us to form a world-wide L.D.S. Pen Friendship League.

The British Pen Friends send greeting to the youth of the Church in America, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, to the Missions in Europe, and to those on the Islands of the Sea, including the Missions in various States of America.

One day we may have our Pen League in Russia. How would you like to receive letters from Natasha, Ivan and Adnrusha Petrov, from our Saints in Switzerland, Holland, Denmark and other Countries, when conditions permit? Latter-day Saints know no Nationality as the Children of God bound together by the Covenants of the Restored Gospel.

The British Mission Presidency hope to see the day when every Church publication will take interest in our youth and guide them to find through the channels of Pen Friendship intelligent, ideal and lasting companionship.

(Continued from previous issue)

My oldest brother, Eldridge (a family nome from my father's side), is a big, strong, good natured, Clark Gableish type of person. For a long time it looked like he'd be a bachelor for life, but two years ago he met Marion Sharp, a woman who had spent ten years in Paris, spoke three languages, and could sing like an angel. But that didn't stop El. He fell in love with her at first sight and married her. Now they have a year old son who possesses his father's angelic disposition and his mother's beautiful brown eyes. I adore brown eyes, perhaps because we all have blue ones.

My second brother, Orson Spencer, was named after the first Orson Spencer, and hates it. I can't say I blame him, so we call him Spence. He is chuck full of wit and humour, and can say the most outrageous things with a perfectly straight face. One never knows whether to take him seriously or not, but there's never a dull moment with Spence around. His daughter, Marilyn, is my first and favourite neice. Not twelve yet, she considers herself a young lady and acts more like one than her Aunt Ruth —that's I. Larry, or "Butch," her little brother, in a miniature Spence. Althea, their mother, is very special. Her housekeeping is proverbial in our family—it is perfect.

My only sister, Mary, is a very practical person, down-to-earth and sensible. She feels that I am too dreamy for my own good. It may be so, but I can't change even if I wanted to, which I don't. Mary has been wonderful to me though, and now she lives out of the city with her husband and son, and two little girls, aged eight, five and three respectively—the children, not her husband. (To be continued)

The Latter-Day Saints' "Millennial Star"

THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1942

EDITORIAL

Honour Thy Mother

WITH the Latter-day Saints, among whom Motherhood has ever been looked on as a sacred thing, this day is one of beautiful services. All the mothers are invited as guests to the Sabbath School, given places of honour, presented with flowers by the children and made glad with the true homage that is paid them. Wherever the Church has its branches, this beautiful custom prevails.

It is true that humanity loves to create occasions when we can celebrate our emotions. We grow merry at Christmastide, and mournful on the eleventh of November. We are fired with patriotism on national holidays and are mellowed by memories on anniversies of births and weddings. Unfortunately many of us have the habit of enjoying our emotions and then putting them away, like a lady with many gowns.

But fortunately, Mother's Day is old enough to have developed some more mature purposes than an easily aroused sentimentality.

Earnest efforts are being made to use the day to increase the safety of child birth. Medical knowledge and care are annually saving tens of thousands of mothers over the world who go into the dark valley to bring a new life to earth. Yet tens of thousands of women still die needlessly, and their death means frequently the death of the child, the deep actual loss to living children, and grief to the bereft loved ones.

Mother's Day should arouse every citizen to the need of providing the best available care for child bearing. Modern use of anaesthetics should be employed instead of tolerating indifference to needless suffering. Proper nourishment should be provided for the mother whose system otherwise is drained of calcium, to the detriment of her teeth, and of vitamins to the detriment of her general health. Adequate nursing should be given that the mother may regain her normal strength before taking up her household duties.

Much of the lack of comfort and care is due to poverty. It is poverty that makes motherhood terribly difficult in so many ways. Insufficient room to rear healthy children, lack of food of the right kind, too little time to teach her boys and girls the moral and social lessons which only a mother can well give, are the results of this disease of poverty. The mother of future citizens should have time to give the kind of training her wisdom and love make so desirable. Mother's teachings, like Mother's milk, is far more easily digested than nurture from strange sources.

And Poverty, moreover, prevents thousands of healthy, normal young men and women from marriage and parenthood. Potential mothers are robbed of their sweetest birthright by social injustice. Mother's Day, with its flowers and messages, would be ironical if it were not associated with a sincere effort to destroy poverty and to make the bearing of children decent, just and beautiful.

A day dedicated to the honour of those who bring each new generation into the world must carry a sting to women who have avoided maternity because of selfishness. God gave as His earliest commandment to mortals—multiply. Every instinct calls aloud for its fulfilment. The empty and mocking years when the woman looks back and realises she might have brought sons and daughters into the world to bless her old age are part of her punishment.

Like all great accomplishments, this sweet thing, motherhood, derives its honour and its joy from the high sources of courage, unselfishness, sacrifice, and love. No adequate honour can be given. Flowers, poetry, tender solicitude one day a year are symbols of what should be always. Let us glorify motherhood.

—Joseph J. Cannon.

★

A YOUNG MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Give me the strength to guide aright
These tiny feet that follow me;
A deep, abiding inner sight
When chubby hands cling trustingly,
That I may choose the pathway sure
And free from strife and deadly sin.
Give me a faith that's true and pure,
A sacred flame to burn within,
Then keep my hand in Thine, O Lord;
Let love and wisdom come from Thee;
That I may worthy be to guard
This precious soul Thou gavest me.

—Jeannette H. Demars.

Mormons Do Not Have Several Wives !

We reprint an article published in "The Leader" following an interview with our Mission President.

THREE pretty girls were busily typing and filing in a large room overlooking Nightingale Lane, London, S.W. They were Mormons. One of them showed me into the study of Mr. Anastasiou, acting President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

He is only one of the 70,000 missionaries sent out by his Church to all parts of the world.

The first Mormon missionaries arrived in this country 105 years ago. Today they have seventy-one churches flourishing in Great Britain, and claim 125,000 British converts to their faith, all but six and a half thousand of whom have made their homes in the United States.

"We have no political creed," Mr. Anastasiou told me, "so we can live peacefully under any government, honouring the laws of the 'country.' They have become established in every country in Europe. In Germany they are, as far as is known, carrying on unmolested. It was made clear to them that they must eschew every form of political activity, no matter how remote it might be. And they've done so."

He explained that their lives are based on the ideals of freedom, tolerance and self improvement. They believe that the world must be "redeemed from the ungodly"—**so there are no "Conchies" among the Latter-day Saints.**

Thousands of Mormons are serving with the Allied Fighting Forces, and in essential war work in Britain and the States.

Although there are 200,000 men in their priesthood, they have no paid ministry. These men are farmers, lawyers, doctors and bricklayers during the week. They preach on Sundays. And the Church, which is the second fastest growing religion in America, is maintained by the old Biblical system of "Tithing." Voluntarily, all Mormons give one-tenth of their incomes to their Church. "Freely receive and freely give" they say.

The Mormons are, perhaps, the most misunderstood people in the world. Yet their Faith is based on the simplest tenets.

> **Mormons don't smoke. They don't drink tea, coffee or any alcoholic liquor. And they DON'T countenance polygamy. A Church Manifesto put an end to plural marriage in 1890, though at no time did more than 2 per cent ever practise it.**

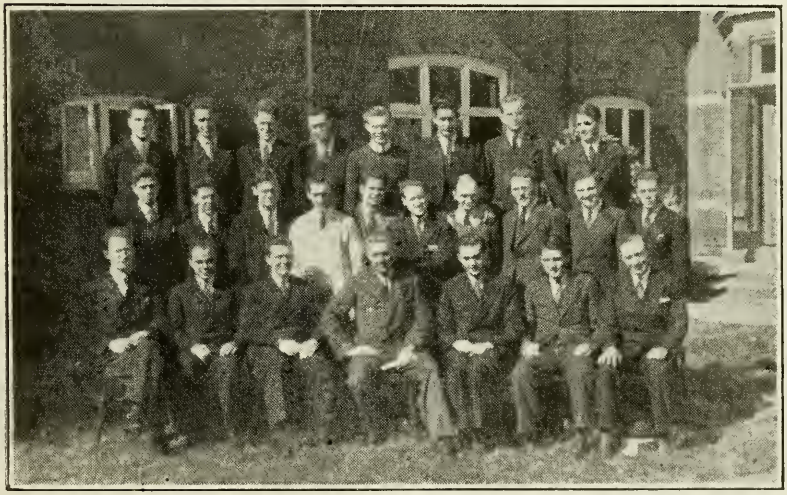
It was introduced, on the basis of the old patriarchal order of the Bible, as a measure of self preservation. The early Mormons were subjected to the cruellest persecution, which forced them ultimately to undertake their historic "long trek"

through the arid wastes of Utah in search of peace and seclusion.

The Church of Latter-day Saints claims 862,664 members today, and a respected place in many communities. It was founded in 1830 by a New York farm boy named Joseph Smith. Claiming to have received the "Book of Mormon" in a series of revelations, Smith established the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-day Saints which became known as "Mormonism."

The Church grew rapidly in spite of persistent strong abuse. Polygamy was practised as a holy principle by these people who were driven to lead a nomad hard life, driven from place to place by the lash of public opinion. Joseph Smith was killed by an infuriated mob, and it fell to Brigham Young to lead these people across the desert in 1847 and lay the foundations in the arid Salt Lake Valley of what is now a fine city.

—F. K.



Missionaries Released September, 1939

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BROTHER GEORGE PITTS, serving in the British Army, was a winner of a second prize in the Inter-Services concert programme, and on April 10th took part in the Canadian Forces Overseas Programme broadcasted over the B.B.C. His repertoire included life-like imitations of a Thrush, Nightingale and Skylark and the impressions of Piccadilly Circus with its traffic and sound of horns, venders of violets, etc., railway train leaving Victoria and a very clever impression of the London Tube train.

The Fulness Of Times

THE VISION.

EPISODE 4.

SCENE 1.

NARRATIVE.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, religion in the rural comunities of the United States was of much more importance in the lives of men than it seems to be today. It was the principle point of all social activity in that era when there were no radios, no picture theatres, no automobiles, no night clubs to usurp the spare time of the hard working people. Relaxation centred about the Church, that common meeting place of the community. By 1820, because of so limited a social outlet, secular religion had reached fever iptch. There was rivalry, sect vied with sect, spiritual revivals were held nightly, and preachers came forward by the score with new theories and new doctrine. It was during that trying period that the son of Joseph Smith, Senior, Young Joseph, as he was called, was growing into manhood.

One day in late Spring of that year a Mr. Graham is driving his pony and trap to Sabbath meeting. By the side of the rough New England road a youth is leaning against the fence reading a newspaper.

Mr. Graham: Woa, Woa, Dobbin. You there! Hoi!

Youth: Yes sir.

Mr. Graham: The idea: Do you know what day it is?

Youth: Yes, sir, the Sabbath.

Mr. Graham: Then what do you mean by sitting on a rail fence in the public thoroughfare reading a worldly paper on the Lord's day?

Yotuh: Why, do you think it's sinful sir?

Mr. Graham: Of course it's sinful, come over here.

Youth: Yes sir . . . here I am.

Mr. Graham: You speak civilly enough! What's your name?

Youth: My name is Joseph Smith sir.

Mr. Graham: Hmm. Respectable name. Now look here young man, the Sabbath is for reading the Holy Writ, not the base accounts of man's folly as published in that worldly journal. If you can read, you ought to know that.

Joseph Smith: Of course I can read sir.

Mr. Graham: Hmm. You don't look bookish. . . . How old are you?

Joseph Smith: Almost fifteen sir.

Mr. Graham: And you can read! Then read me something from that paper. Read the top line.

Joseph Smith: "The Palmyra Sentinel, Palmyra, New York, the year of our Lord, May 12th, eighteen hundred and twenty.

Mr. Graham: Hmm. So you can read; then the more shame to you, to be wasting your time in such shallow matters as these.

Joseph Smith: But sir, I was reading the notices of the many revivals held here in Manchester and in Palmyra.

Mr. Graham: Oh! Indeed; indeed, and er . . . which of the revival meetings . . . er . . . have you been attending?

Joseph Smithh: I have been attending them all sir.

Mr. Graham: All ! But have you no preference, aren't you a baptised member of one of God's churches?

Joseph Smith: No sir.

Mr. Graham: You mean to say that you're in doubt, that you're holding off joining the church. Ah! This is worse than I thought. Why haven't you joined with the Lord's annointed? Your parents and brothers are not lost to the Lord, I trust.

Joseph Smith: No sir.

Mr. Graham: Then why are you unsaved my boy? The doors of God's churches everywhere are open to you.

Joseph Smith: That's just it, sir. I'm not sure. I'm not sure which is the true Church of God.

Mr. Graham: Oh! you're not! You stand there and doubt the evidence of the Lord! Young man! They are all true Churches. That Church yonder, which is mine, is the true Church of God.

Joseph Smith: I would like to think so sir. But all of the churches claim to have the only true religion, and yet they disagree among themselves and contradict one another in the most important things. Sometimes I wonder if any of them is the true Church of Christ.

Mr. Graham: So! You wonder, do you? You doubt whether any of them is the true Church of Christ. Do you mean that you don't believe the preachers and the Elders. I . . . I never heard of such impudence. If you were my boy I'd lay this whip on you.

Joseph Smith: I would welcome your beating, sir, if I thought you knew the truth . . . but . . . Good day sir.

Mr. Graham: What . . . I've no time to waste upon such a young scamp. (To horse) Go on, Dobbin. . . . Gee up!

He starts away in high dudgeon but is halted by:

Deacon Howard: Woa, there, Brother Graham. Woa. I'm surprised. Why such anger on the peaceful Sabbath?

Mr. Graham: So I surprise you, do I, Deacon Howard? Well ! you see that young scamp striding down the road. He dares doubt the truth of God's Church here in Manchester. Who is he to set himself up against the Elders.

Deacon Howard: Don't get angry with the boy, Brother Graham; young Joseph Smith is a loveable lad. It would be better if some of the others were as much in earnest as he is.

Mr. Graham: Why, the lad's untamed, Deacon Howard. He is no better than the heretics.

Deacon Howard: All in good time, brother. The Lord works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform: Joseph Smith will find his church.

(Continued on page 304)

The Divine Plan Of Progress

By Elder Nephi Jensen

SOME years ago a brilliant agnostic delivered a number of lectures, criticizing the Bible. In one of these lectures, he found fault with the story of the fall of Adam and Eve. He said in substance:

"After the fall of Adam, I would have killed the serpent and started over again."

In these flippant words this doubter found fault with the wisdom of God in permitting evil to come into the world. To this doubter's way of thinking it was a decided mistake to permit sin to come into human experience. Even learned theologians have held that the fall of Adam was a great blunder. Frequently they have held the Father of the race up to grave censure.

Latter-day Saints do not share in this view. We understand that the fall of Adam was a part of the great divine plan of human progress. It was not an unforeseen blunder. "Adam fell that men might be, men are that they might have joy," we are told in the Book of Mormon.

But how can the coming of evil into the world contribute to the progress of man? We shall be greatly aided in answering this question by asking another. What is progress? Turn to the dictionary and you will find that progress means to advance. But what does it mean to advance? In the simplest sense it means the process of attaining to something better than what we have.

The substitution of the steamship for the slow moving sail boat was progress. So was the coming of the railroad to take the place of the stagecoach. The invention of telegraphy, to take the place of the pony express, in transmitting messages, is another example of advancement.

These examples of progress are instructive. In each case a better way of doing some particular thing was discovered. Progress always means finding a better way of doing things. In the truest and best sense, progress means finding a better way to live. Or in simpler words, it means to turn from a bad way of living to a better way of living. But how could anyone turn from the evil to the good if there were no evil?

Henri Bergsen, one of the most noted living philosophers, said: "Every human action starts from a dissatisfaction." Is this statement true? Let us see. Why do you go to school? It is because you are dissatisfied with your present state of knowledge. Why does the little girl at the piano play the piece of music over and over again? It is because she is not satisfied with the last rendition. Why does any man try to live a better life? It is because he is displeased with his present way of living.

But no one could ever regret doing an act unless he knew good from evil. And he could not know good from evil unless there was evil in the world.

In another sense, progress means winning in a contest. Conquering a deadly enemy of the soul is advancement. Resisting sin and temptation is the greatest and noblest struggle of life.

But there could be no moral struggle without foes. Because man is surrounded by the fierce foes of his soul he is compelled to wage a constant battle for the mastery. In this ceaseless struggle he is given experience, develops moral strength, and builds a rugged character.

If sin had not come into the world, man would have had no foes. If he had had no foes he would have no warfare. If he had no warfare with evil he would not develop moral strength. But it is the development of power to live the higher and better life that constitutes real progress. So it will be seen that the coming of evil into the world was part of the divine plan for human development.

There are two parts in the great divine plan of human progress, the fall and the atonement. By the fall sin came into the world. Because sin came into the world, man was placed in a world of warfare with evil forces. In this warfare he develops strength of character and purity of heart.

Because of the greatness of this struggle, God, in his mercy, provided that by and through the mission of his Son, divine strength should be given to man in this great warfare with evil.

Because of the coming of sin and temptation into the world, man stumbles and errs. Because of this stumbling and erring he is made to know his imperfections. By discovering his imperfections he is humbled and is led to seek God for power to overcome. Through the infinite revelation of God's love for man, in the mission of the Son of God, man is given hope and courage, and is inspired to seek God in confidence and faith for strength to conquer in the warfare against sin and temptation. By the united strength of man and God, man is enabled to overcome and subdue all the powers of evil. This great victory is the highest and truest progress. Out of it comes the noblest development, the development of character. This progress and development comes, by and through the grace of Jesus Christ, the great Prince of life. The winning of this supreme victory, brings the purest joy and the greatest glory in this life and in the life to come.

THIS EARTH WITH ITS INFINITUDE OF LIFE AND BEAUTY AND MYSTERY, AND THE UNIVERSE IN THE MIDST OF WHICH WE ARE PLACED, WITH ITS OVERWHELMING IMMENSITIES OF SUNS AND NEBULAE, OF LIGHT AND MOTION, ARE AS THEY ARE. FIRSTLY FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF LIFE CULMINATING IN MAN; SECONDLY, AS A VAST SCHOOLHOUSE FOR THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF THE HUMAN RACE IN PREPARATION FOR THE ENDURING SPIRITUAL LIFE TO WHICH IT IS DESTINED. —Alfred Russel Wallace.

THE FULNESS OF TIMES

(Continued from page 301)

Mr. Graham: But such infidelity, such doubt in a mere boy. I don't know what this generation is coming to. But come on, get in, I'll drive you to meeting.

Deacon Howard: What! That church of yours, Brother Graham?

Mr. Graham: Of course, of course.

Deacon Howard: Thank you, Brother Graham, but not this time. That is not my church, you know. I belong over Palmyra way.

Mr. Graham: That's where you're making a mistake sir.

Deacon Howard: I think not, Brother Graham.

Mr. Graham: You'll never get the fulness of the Gospel if you stay with that flock, sir.

Deacon Howard: You'll get only half the Gospel if you stay with yours, sir.

Mr. Graham (heatedly): That's where you're wrong.

Deacon Howard (also getting heated): That's where I'm right.

Mr. Graham: I say you're wrong and, what's more, a blind idiot. (To horse) Gee up, Dobbin.

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Missionary Effort

With the aid of film slides and lanterns, as well as recordings of "The Fulness of Times" and the Tabernacle Choir, four Birmingham Missionaries are filling an extensive lecture tour in the Gravesend Branch area of the London District. At least a score of lectures have been given to date, some in the homes of Saints, some in friends' homes and some in the Branch Hall. Attendances have varied from six ot 26, and there have been as many as 21 visitors present. Interested listeners have asked many questions on the Origin of the Red Indian (the subject of several lectures) and Church History. Many fine contacts have been made. By arrangement with the 1st Lieutenant of the Royal Training School, Gravesend, a lecture was presented there on April 1st entitled "Whence the American Indian," supplemented with records. There was an attendance of 50 and questions were asked. By permission of Adjutant Ayres of the Royal Air Force Station, Gravesend, half a hundred airmen listened to the same lecture and asked several questions. Two lectures have been given at the Services Club, Gravesend, by permission of the sponsors. Forty-two people have attended the two lectures and the slides have been augmented with record playings and choral selections by the Missionary Quartette. Fifty attended a meeting of the Youth Club of the Holy Trinity Church, Gravesend, to hear the same lecture on April 12th. It was received with enthusiasm, and further lectures will probably be given in the future. The immediate prospects of many engagements are good and there is every evidence that the Gospel can be preached using modern science as an aid with some success. The Missionaries concerned are Elders Arthur Fisher, Melvin W. Dunn, Harry Dyson and Alvin Gittins.

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—A. K. A.

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